Chalace Lauria

Paul Turtola

English 063

December 7, 2009

Narrative Essay

When I was about seventeen, I was pretty much as normal as any teenager can get, except that; I was in excruciating physical pain. My whole body throbbed, every second of everyday and no one knew why; my own mother didn’t even believe me. She told me that I just wanted attention so this is why I was telling people that I didn’t feel good. As people at school started to notice I tried to hide it even more. My friends started asking questions like, why didn’t I want to play in gym, or why was I limping. In reality, I was scared of the truth.

After dealing with my bones hurting for a few months, I woke up one day and could not move an inch. It took me at least a half an hour just to get the covers off of me. I told one of my closest friends about what happened and she wanted to bring me to the hospital. Hospitals aren’t my thing, so we argued about it for a long time but I promised her I would go see the doctor on Monday morning. My grandmother insisted that I start using her old school medicine recipes with cod fish oil or vinegar and I would be just fine but there was no way I was about to drink fish oil.

The doctor ran about three different tests and couldn’t figure out why a teenage girl’s bones hurt. She told me that it could be Lyme disease or even a type of cancer. She sent me to a specialist and then did more tests. This doctor finally had answers for me. He walked into the patient office were we were sitting with a bunch of test results and said, “we have to do one more test, but I am almost 100% positive the reason why you have been in pain is because you have Lupus which is a chronic, autoimmune disease that can damage any part of the body (skin, joints, and/or organs inside the body). Autoimmune means your immune system cannot tell the difference between foreign invaders and your body’s healthy tissues and creates autoantibodies that attack and destroy healthy tissue. My mom was devastated over the news, mainly of guilt. I guess you can say she felt bad about not believing me months ago, but who knows what her thought process is.

After being diagnosed with Lupus, I feel so much better. It’s depressing sometimes to think that I will have this for the rest of my life, but I’m not in physical pain anymore so I can deal with it. This has also been a life changing experience for me considering, I originally thought I had cancer and was dying.